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PRICE TEN CENTS.



RIGHT IN STYLE

HER BROTHER.—Now I know what became of my new bath-robe.



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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

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Cartoons and Comments

THE BOYCOTT THAT BUSTED. EVERY now and then the tariff question is illuminated by unexpected little sidelights. Sometimes these sidelights are very penetrating, and scatter vagueness and obscurity before them in a way that is quite gratifying. Apropos of the tariff, a cable dispatch from Odessa the other day contained a few words of fact which were worth columns of theory and argument. The effort to boycott American goods, particularly agricultural machinery, was declared to be a failure because Russian farmers, it was said, "realized that the American machines were the best they ever had, and they were reluctant to abandon them." Russian agriculturists can get farming machinery from other countries much nearer to them than the United States, but they prefer the American brand because it is the best. That is the fact. If you turn to your campaign text-books, however, or listen to the Stand-pat speakers, you will find that the makers of American agricultural machinery must be highly protected here in their own country for fear of competition from the European manufacturer; yet, so groundless is that fear, that the American makers put their goods down in the European markets, competing with the foreigner right on his own ground, and get the preference. Great efforts were made in Russia by the nobility and the zemstvos of the southern provinces to establish the American boycott, but they failed because self-interest in the minds of Russian farmers rose superior to political considerations, the Russian farmers having found from experience that American tools and machinery were "the best." Some day, perhaps, American farmers will get tired of paying for "protection" that is n't needed.

EUGENE FIELD, if we remember correctly, wrote in his primer series of a man who was always wishing he was dead, yet who would n't let anybody kill him if he could get away. If we may say so without *l'esé majesté*, President TAFT reminds us a little of that man. For some time he has been intimating that this might be his last appearance in the White House, and that with philosophical indifference to his political future. He spoke very frankly along these lines in Chicago just after the rejection of Reciprocity

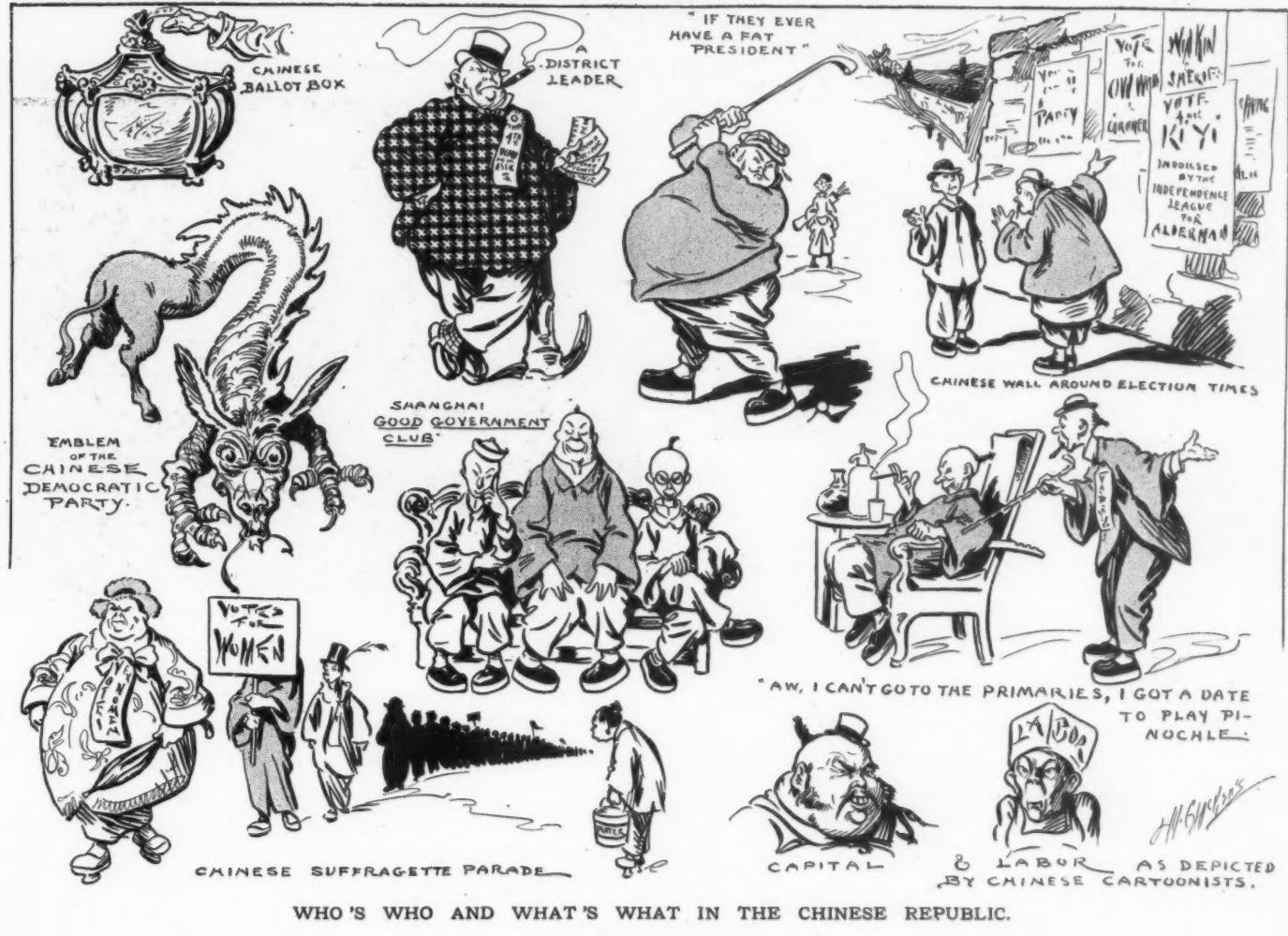
CRUSOE AND THE FOOTPRINT. by Canada; and when he voted at Cincinnati he gave his calling as lawyer, saying to the poll-clerk that he might need his profession after his term was up. Remarks such as these indicated no burning desire on the President's part to inhabit the White House again, but since the LA FOLLETTE boom and more especially the

TEDDY boom have gathered momentum, the President's attitude has been quite the reverse of indifference. A statement has been credited to him that he will carry his fight into the Republican Convention, even if he has but one delegate; that he is in the fight to stay. These may be the sentiments of an indifferent man, but they don't sound like it. Perhaps, like ROOSEVELT, TAFT has had a "bully time" in the White House, but only just found it out.



MOUNT MIDDLEMAN.

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH CONSUMER AND PRODUCER MIGHT HAVE TO DO SOME BLASTING.



THE TYPICAL SOCIALIST.

*T*HAT time is not far past when you could pick a Socialist out of the directory by his name almost unerringly. Humpeldink, Jelensky, Sprachgerken, Vasselino, and Czoofsy—these men were Socialists. You knew it without ever seeing them. You could say, confidently, "any man with a name like that—he's a Socialist."

Now, alack, the party lines are getting all tangled up; and with the lines, likewise the names. The "Literary Digest" printed the other day a half-page of pictures of "prominent Socialists" of somewhere or other. They were:

wherever or other. They were Smith, Jones, Robinson, McKenzie, Kelley, and McGurk. What shall be done about this? Humpeldink kidnapped a child. You said: "Of course—he's a Socialist! Socialists are kidnappers!" Jelensky ran away with his employer's wife. You said: "I knew it—free-love—there's a Socialist for you!" Sprachgerken run his delicatessen for the insurance.

More Socialism. Vasselino ran away with the funds of his bank. Naturally—a Socialist trick. Czoofty dynamited a railroad flag-station. We knew it, didn't we?

But how about it? There's Smith; Smith's a Socialist. Could Smith steal a little child? Could Jones—Socialist—covet his neighbor's wife? Think you that McKenzie would do aught but what was lawful? It is alarming to see these men who have pronounceable names, and who have been in the country as long, so far as we know, as any of us; with whom we have been mingling, day after day; is it not shocking to discover that they have joined the ranks of those who threaten to undermine the home, the street, the ocean, sky, and other valuable assets of the good old Rep. and Dem. parties?

ALWAYS.

GILLIS.—Who says so? Our company?

WILLIS.—No; the prospectus of the company that is promoting
the mine next to ours.

BOSTONESE.

HOKUS.—So that Boston girl said I was n't worth my salt, eh?

POKUS.—Well, she did remark that you were in inverse ratio to your chloride of sodium.



THE PRESENCE OF MIND.

THE HELPFUL BYSTANDER.—Keep cool! Just a second longer! Keep cool!

When a woman says she hates to ask her husband for money, she may rest assured that the feeling is mutual.

PUCK



INDEPENDENCE.

OUR maid's away!
Into the very kitchen
I boldly stalk, noisy and unafraid;
I help my Genevieve to dry the dishes
Coolly and undismayed.
(I've broken two cups and a small-sized
platter—
But that's no matter.)

OUR maid's away!
We order from the grocer's
Soup, fish, meat, vegetables, in the can,
Crackers and cheese, and anything that's
handy,
To stay the inner man.
(I don't deny canned stuff is rather flat—
But what of that?)

OUR maid's away!
We linger over dinner,
Talk gossip, nonsense, anything we please.
Most times, with Jane's reproving eye upon us,
We hardly dare to sneeze.
(We cleared the table after twelve last night—
But that's all right!)

OUR maid's away!
Better a crust with freedom
Than richest viands and a slavish mind!
Welcome simplicity and a frugal diet
So I live unconfin'd!
(She's coming back to-day—
Hooray!)

F. R. Amos.

AS USUAL.

HIS SON.—Pa, I hear there's an eclipse of the moon due to-night.
MR. HARDUPP (*absently*).—All right. I'll pay the interest and
renew it right away.



'TWAS EVER THUS.

THE BIG ONE.—We can't dictate to the public; we must cater to them.
THE LITTLE ONE.—I SAY DICTATE!!

REMEMBERED.

UNCLE EBEN.—I tell you, these cab fellows in New York have the best memories in the world.

UNCLE EZRA.—How do you make that out?

UNCLE EBEN.—Well, from the way they hollered at me this last time I was down there they must have known that I was the feller who tipped one of 'em a quarter to drive me from the station back in '79.

MAKE a fuss over a woman's first baby, and she will refuse to listen to anything bad about you for the rest of her life.



SPREAD OF THE CABARET CRAZE.

THE DUTIFUL WIFE NOW GIVES HER HUSBAND A LITTLE VAUDEVILLE WITH HIS DINNER.

PUCK



RURAL INFERENCE.

FARMER SOBOSS.—Well, there's another lit'ry guy bought a farm back here, and gone to raising chickens. He's got over a thousand of 'em!

FARMER HARDSCRABBLE.—Gosh! He must be a good writer to support so many hens as that!

THE MOLLYCODDLE.

A GREAT LAKES BALLAD.

We made him dance on the gunnel, we made him shin up a stay;
We made him do stunts on a hatch-cover once—and he fell in the hold, by
the way;
We tossed him up high in a blanket, we rolled him around on the floor;
You see, he was new on the job with the crew—a landlubber fresh from the shore.
So we gave him a taste of amusement to see if he come up to snuff;
But he lacked in his spunk an' he's sick in his bunk—though we did n't mean to be
rough!

It's true that we took all his clothes off, an' scrubbed him with su'ge an' soap,
That we dropped the poor gink with a splash in the drink an' sloshed him around
with a rope;

I know that we took hot potatoes an' forced him to swaller 'em whole,
An' made him to fight with the watchman one night when he otta been shovelin'
coal.

But still we was only a-jokin' an' tryin' to make
him more tough,
And surely that ain't why he happened to faint—
we did n't mean to be rough!

We filled up his mattress with clinkers, an'
yanked him quite often from bed,
An' one of the bunch with a humorous hunch
poured a bucket of oil on his head;
We put him a-top of the deckhouse an' made
him "salomey" for us,
An' when he got mad we just sat on the lad
an' laughed at the way he would cuss.
So we're thinkin' he ain't the right fibre—he
ain't quite the gamiest stuff,
An' he otta of stood all we did fer his good—
fer we did n't mean to be rough!
Berton Braley.

PROFANITY.

PROFANITY is a universal language for the interpretation of emotions too forceful for expression in the ordinary etymology sanctioned by Messrs. Webster, Worcester, Brander Matthews, and Edward Bok.

Profanity is the expression of the vocal underscore; the thunder-rumble of the man-at-bay; the *De Profundis* of supreme crisis; the falsetto high-pitch of ecstasy; the double-bass exhaust of the vials of wrath; the involuntary discord of shock and surprise; the dulcet heart-string solo of philosopher-sit-by-the-fire; the gore-cry of the barefoot encountering sharp-



'NOUGH SAID.

SHE.—Have you ever loved before,
Count?

HE.—Nevair! Zis is my fairst
viseet to America!

pointed hardware in the halls of night; the medium of malice against stalled motor-cars, umpires without the proper degree of bias for the home team, and nocturnal feline symphony concerts; and the manifestation of murder's sudden metamorphosis into rhetoric, of mayhem's conversion into mutterings, and of assault-and-battery's subsidence into picturesque adjectives.

Profanity may be said to have had its origin in the irresistible impulse of the animal Man to relieve a boiling condition of the blood corpuscles by the emission of expletives beginning with the fourth letter of the alphabet. This is evidenced by the popular forms "drat," "dern," "ding," "dang," "dod-gast," "deuce," "dog-gone," "Dieu," "dash," "dickens," "diabolical," "dunder," "Dios," culminating in the gem of gems, "damn." In its inception and early development

profanity took the guise of prayer, probably of the commoner or unanswered variety. Early oathmakers swore by their sword-hilts, their grandfathers' beards, the body of Bacchus, and the breath and splendor of God. Profanity has lost largely in picturesqueness, however, the modern swearer proclaiming by his hide, his soul, His Satanic Majesty, time, and Hades.

Profanity is punctuated by exclamation-points, brickbats, cudgels, and tears, and is often accompanied by the whirr of missiles and the clang of the patrol-wagon. Among the more accomplished profane linguists are parrots, pirates, and circus canvasmen. Historical swearers include Admiral Farragut, who consigned the torpedoes to the nethermost depths of Mobile Bay, and Commodore Vanderbilt, who made a somewhat similar disposition of the public.

Stuart B. Stone.



IN SHAKSPERE'S TIME.

PATRON.—No native productions on the stage at all this year, eh?

ELIZABETHAN MANAGER.—No! We'd produce English plays, but we simply can't get them! All the successes of the season have been foreign-made plots that Bill Shakspeare made over to suit our tastes!



PUCK'S GARGOYLES.

IV.—SOMETHING THAT WOULD LOOK WELL AT THE CORNER OF BROAD AND WALL STREETS.

PUCK



THE RIVAL SERENADERS.



A PRIMER LESSON.

Is this an artist? Yes, that is what he calls himself.
Is his studio beautiful? It is.
Where did he get the money with which to buy beautiful things? From a rich uncle who died.
Does the artist hold lovely afternoon receptions? He does.
What is he painting? A picture.
How long has he been painting the picture? About seven years.
Will he ever finish it? NO!



THE MISER.

SOME gets pleasure
And some gets pain,
Some gets sunshine
And some gets rain,
Some gets beefsteak
And some gets hash,
And some gets trouble
But I gets CASH!

Some keeps horses
And some keeps dogs,
Some keeps chickens
And some keeps hogs,
Some keeps servants
To make a flash,
And some keeps moving,
But I keeps CASH!

Some loves women
And some loves wine,
Some loves jewels
That glint and shine,
Some loves babies,
But that's all trash,
For I loves nothing
But Cash! Cash!! CASH!!!

Bertie Braley.

JOURNALISM.

EDITOR.—See here! You didn't send us in a single word on the burning of the city of Wangdoodle, one of the biggest stories of the war.

WAR CORRESPONDENT.—Of course I did n't. Did n't I set myself in order to attract the attention of the other correspondents so I could beat them to the telegraph office and give you the "scoop" on that skirmish by the Tzegang River!

A man should do all in his power to make a woman happy. If necessary, he should even quarrel with her.

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

HERE are a lot of people who think that "Society" is composed of indolent, reactionary, and parasitic material, constituting a sort of wheel-drag on Progress. The newspapers contained an item which gives the lie direct to that notion, and shows "Society" in its true light—that of a progressive, pertinent, and uplifting body, which pays its way by being ever eager to foster innovations that shall redound to our intellectual and artistic credit. The item in question is to the effect that Philadelphia "Society" has approved the turkey-trot. The turkey-trot is a new dance.

There has been a good deal of discussion about this matter in Philadelphia. Radical movements of such an important nature are not to be taken up at a glance. There were those, naturally, who disapproved of the turkey-trot. But merit loves to overcome obstacles, and this radiant accomplishment now takes the high place in our national life which it deserves. From the fire of criticism it has emerged triumphant. The only matter to be discussed now is: "Can you, or can you not, dance the turkey-trot?" If not, 'tis time to learn.

There, indeed, is the rub. It is evidently an art difficult of performance. Mrs. A. J. Drexel Biddle, quoted in the newspaper dispatch, says that she is doing her best to learn it. "Of course, I can do it a little now, but I get out of breath. It is a hard dance to do. Everybody is learning it, though, and lots of us are going to dancing teachers to get private lessons." Well, the harder the better. If the higher education and refinement are not worth struggling for, they are not worth having. It means hard, conscientious work, no doubt. It may mean hours of unremitting toil which might be spent in something of more immediate profit—like bridge-whist—but do not despair! Think what it means to have conquered! Think of being able to turkey-trot! Even a man of such diverse accomplishments as Michelangelo—he could n't do this!



FOUR CONDITIONS.

SETTLEMENT WORKER.—I tell you, young man, conditions among the poor are something awful.

THE CUB.—Foolish people, are n't they, to worry over a thing like that? Look at me; I had six myself when I entered college.

THE man who depends largely on his popularity should go mighty slow about telling people things for their own good.



THE SITUATION.

AS THE BUSINESS MAN SEES IT.

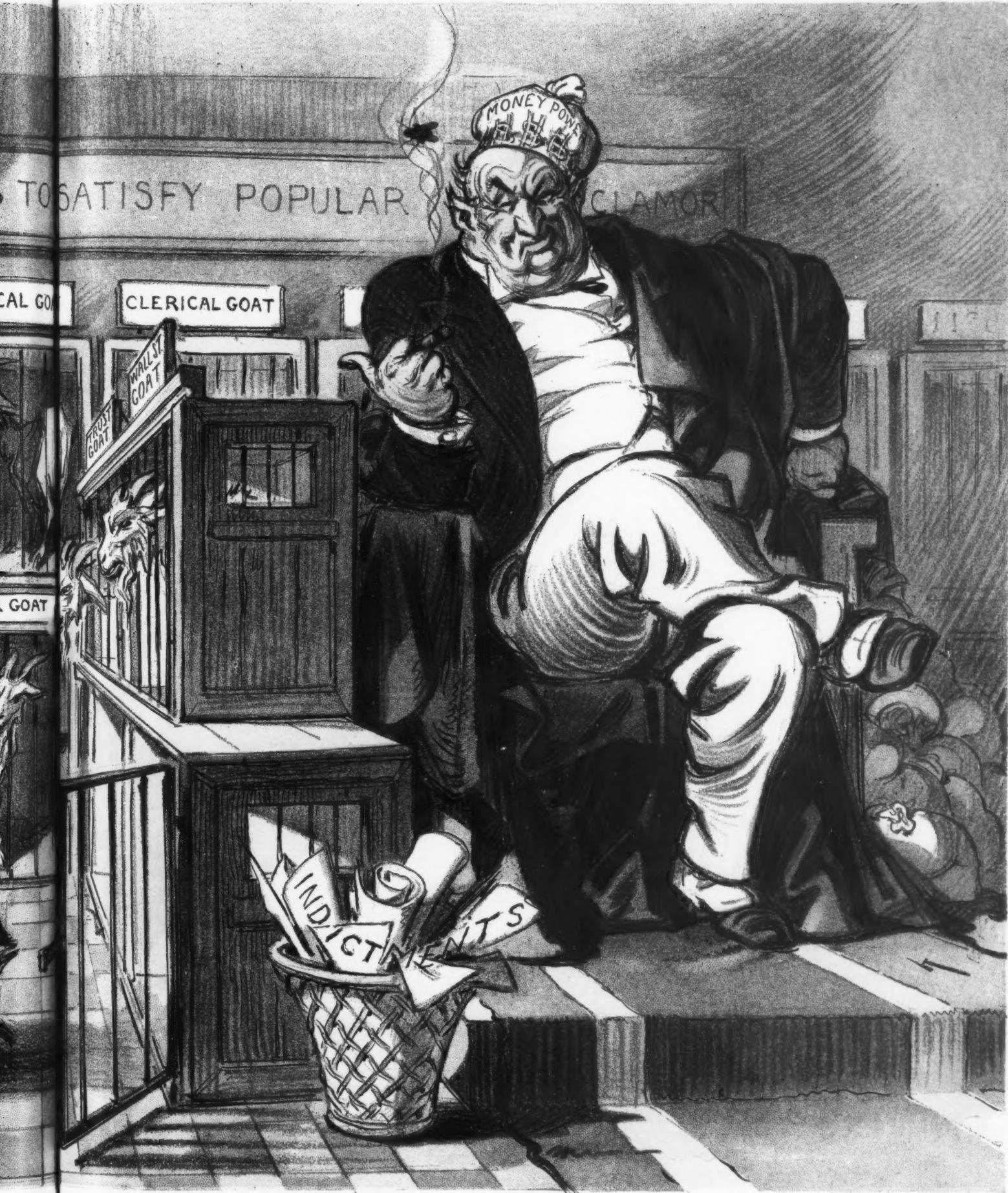
PICK



THE PUCK PRESS

THE GOAT-KEEPER

PICK



THE GOAT-KEEPER.

"The Merry Whirl."



IT is always a good plan in a burlesque house to get to your seat while the lights are still on. It's convenient to know just how you and your hat and coat are situated. Once I arrived late, and attempted to find my bearings in the dark. When the lights were switched on for the intermission I found I had been carelessly dropping my cigar ashes into my hat. And now for the show. "The Merry Whirl," last week's offering at the Murray Hill, is very different from the old idea of burlesque—a type of show now relegated to the Western wheel-houses. If you like good, clean burlesque, and have n't already seen "The Merry Whirl," don't miss it when it comes to town again. The show has more of the spirit of the old-time Weber and Fields pieces than anything we have had for some while. The first part is a capital mixture of burlesque and musical comedy. The comedy is supplied by

the Clock and the Snow-Man (Morton and Moore), who come to life on Christmas Eve. They have an able assistant in the very attractive person of Lillian Fitzgerald. Miss Fitzgerald—one of Weber's former girls, by the way—has a very likeable personality, and she knows how to dress, which is something for a burlesque principal. Billy Meehan in a straight part does some remarkably fine dancing. The second act is the conventional dress-making establishment beloved of musical-comedy producers since time began. Leo Edwards's music is much too good for burlesque. "I'll be there with you" is the least reminiscent of any "catchy" piece heard this long time. Also, there is a first-rate dancing chorus. "The Merry Whirl" is a show with a punch. After several dismal evenings spent at "Peggy," "The Three Romeos," and the like, I found it a decided relief.

W. E. Hill.

EVERYBODY SATISFIED.

Two distinguished passengers disembarked from the Cunarder *Lusitania* in England recently. One was the Marquis of Queensberry, who had been looking over the United States; the other was Jimmy Britt, the pugilist. Their meeting aboard ship should have been most felicitous, since Mr. Britt has for a number of years been conducting himself professionally according to certain rules laid down by a former Marquis of Queensberry. What these rules are the uninitiated cannot off-hand say. They undoubtedly forbid the use of lead-pipe, brass-knuckles, and knives in the prize-ring, and so may be said to make for the tranquility of nations and the betterment of mankind.

The attitude of the two men, so aptly shipmates, each toward the country of his birth

is most interesting. Each expressed himself forcibly to interviewers on this subject. The Marquis said: "I am only returning to England to pull my family over to America. I want to become an American. England is going to the dogs. I am through with England forever." The accomplished James had an opposite view: "I am thinking of becoming an Englishman. I like England. The Englishman is a much cleaner fighter than the American, and a better sportsman throughout."

Well, these little differences of opinion are

providential, after all. They keep one country from being over-populated at the expense of depopulating another; keep everybody from wanting to live on the same street, wear the same clothes, and have the same woman to wife. James wants to live in England. He feels that his talents will have better play there. The Marquis is going to bring his family to the United States, fearing dog-days. So be it. We shall part with Mr. Britt with regret, even though some do say he has lost his punch. But if, in return, we receive a Marquis, and not

only a Marquis, but the direct descendant of the Marquis that made a science out of what was previously only indiscriminate assault and battery, we shall feel that Fate has made amends.

Freeman Tilden.

"I FIND it quite easy to move mountains," remarked Faith. "But —

well, it is quite another thing to change a Roosevelt Republican."



IN SQUATTER SOCIETY.

McSHANE.—Fer the luv av Moike, Molly, an' phwere did yez git the eye?
Mrs. McSHANE.—Oh, foightin' wid another la-a-dy!

PUCK

A NEW CLUB MOTTO.

Mrs. HAVELY glanced through the little book with a contemptuous "H'm!"

It was the program of the season's meetings of the club to which his wife belonged. Mrs. Havely felt proud of it, covering as it did, in the six months' study, the four important branches of human activity—Art, Literature, Science, and Politics.

"The trouble with you women," said Mr. Havely patronizingly, "is that you are not thorough enough. You scatter your studies; you are never accurate. Why don't you concentrate on one subject and go deeply into it, and learn it thoroughly enough to be worth while? To be accurate, thorough, and profound is what counts in business and social life."

Mrs. Havely received this criticism in humble silence—at least in silence.

"Thomas!" It was an hour later, and Mr. Havely lowered the paper which he had not finished to see his wife at her writing-table, with a sheet of paper before her, biting a lead-pencil. "Thomas, I have to write a paper for the club next week—I wish you would help me."

"Well?" said Thomas. His wife's coaxing, helpless tone was flattering.

"Tell me something about Hawthorne," she said, glancing perplexedly at her white sheet of virgin paper.

"Hawthorne—h'm!—Hawthorne wrote *The Scarlet Letter*."

"Something more."

Havely studied judiciously for a moment, as

though trying to decide what part of his vast store of Hawthorne knowledge to deliver.

"Well, he was one of our greatest American poets, but got mixed up with Lloyd Garrison, and sort of went off after the doctrine of Henry George."

Mrs. Havely turned her face away and wrote several lines.

"And while we are at it," she said sweetly, "tell me something about Michelangelo for our art program for next month."

Again Mr. Havely cleared his throat and pondered.

"He built the Sistine Madonna,—and he painted this—er—picture which was stolen that you have seen so much about in the papers."

"When did he live?"

"Let me see—during the French Revolution. No—maybe it was in the early part of the thirteenth century."

"Thank you, Thomas. I hate to bother—but now if you'll just tell me a little about this political program I'm through. What is a Referendum?"

"Oh, that!" Thomas spoke securely now. "Don't you know what that is? That's this new-fangled law that where an officer does not suit the people they can petition and have him put out."

"And what is the Recall?" asked his wife innocently.

"Ah, just some Socialistic rot!" said Havely shortly, and resumed his paper.

"Well, what are you laughing about?" he demanded as he laid down the paper a few minutes later.

"A new motto for our club," replied Mrs. Havely.

"What is it?"

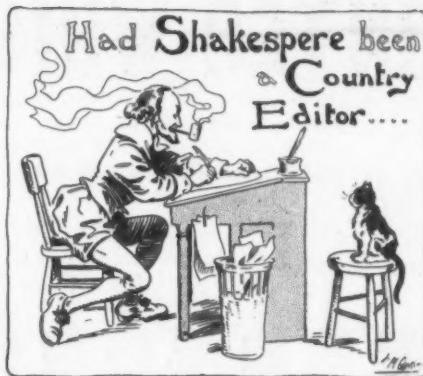
"To be thorough, profound, and accurate—like men."

William H. Hamby.

LESS CURLICUES.

How is your business these days?

"Not as flourishing as it used to be," replied the professor of penmanship.



ROME RUMINATIONS.

THE ides of March.

Politics are booming.

Senate meets Tuesday eve.

Lots of bets on the election.

Mrs. Cato is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Portia Brutus.

Latest styles in togas at Casca's.—*Adv.*

Marcus Brutus is trying to organize a village improvement association.

Looks like our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. J. Caesar, might not get elected after all.

Leanand H. Cassius patronizes the Vox Populi café. Pretty good free lunch there, eh, Cash?

Mrs. Calphurnia Caesar will return to Rome next week, having been visiting friends in Watertown and Ogdensburg.

Our esteemed fellow-citizen, Marcus Antonius, addressed a mass-meeting at the Opera House Wednesday evening. Marc is quite an orator.

Our well-known local poet, Mr. Cinna, has written a poem which he will read at the dedication of the new armory over Casca's dry-goods store.

Our local militia company, under the command of Captain Brutus, will have its annual encampment at Sardis next month. Our boys look like real soldiers.

Sam. S. Stinson.



IT IS REPORTED THAT THERE IS A GREAT DEAL OF IDLE MONEY IN THIS COUNTRY.

HUNTER WHISKEY



has gained public favor because it is a perfectly pure rye whiskey, rich, rare and mellow

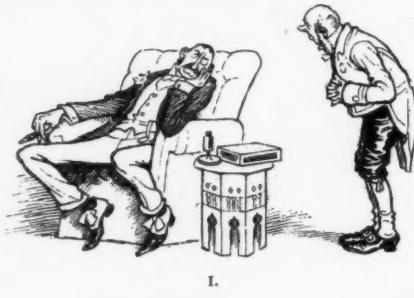
Sold at all first-class cafes and by Jobbers
WM. LANAHAN & SON Baltimore Md.



HOWELL.—Does he take things philosophically?

POWELL.—Yes; but he doesn't part with them philosophically.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

THE RESOURCEFUL SERVANT.



I.

GIVING ADVICE.

PROFESSOR.—What is the matter with Mr. —?

LEARNED STUDENT.—He is seriously afflicted with a paroxysmal inflammation of the vermiform appendix.

VOICE FROM THE REAR SEAT.—Aw, cut it out! — *Cornell Widow*.



II.

WANTED REGULAR WORK.

A farm-hand had worked in the field from dawn till darkness, doing the chores by lantern light. "I'm going to quit," he said to the farmer at the end of the month. "You promised me a steady job."

"Well, haven't you got one?" was the astonished reply.

"No," said the man, "there are three or four hours every night that I don't have anything to do, and fool my time away sleeping."—*Success*.

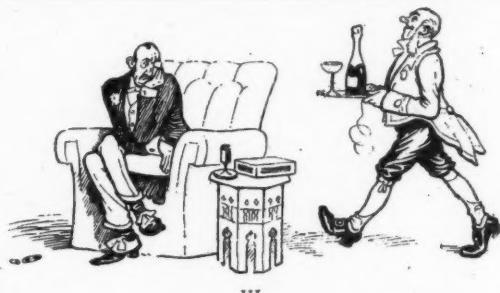
It is proposed to provide all Chicago thoroughfares with names easy to pronounce. Gentlemen going home on the owl car will appreciate this suggested reform.—*Chicago News*.

THE Italians, we read, will treat the Arabs as brigands. Well, if they treat 'em as they treat the Italian brigands the Arabs will soon be living in luxury.—*Washington Post*.

Pure, Healthful, Refreshing

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS"



III.

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.



FOR SALE—PUCK'S ORIGINALS

 WING to the many requests for the original drawings of pictures that have appeared in PUCK, the Publishers have decided to place them all on sale.

These drawings by PUCK'S artists are in various methods,—pen-and-ink, "wash," crayon, pencil, etc. The original drawing is from three to four times as large as the printed reproduction.

PUCK has a large selection of these drawings by his representative artists framed and on exhibition in his own art-gallery, Puck Building, Lafayette and Houston Streets, where you are cordially invited to inspect them at any time.

The prices vary. PUCK will gladly quote price on any drawing you may select. Refer us to it by giving page and number of publication in which it appeared. Price will include express charges to destination.

This is an opportunity which many of the admirers of PUCK'S artists have long sought.

These Drawings Make Unique Wedding or Birthday Gifts.

Address PUCK, 295-309 Lafayette Street, New York



In the smoking-room of a small steamer a missionary and a cynical doubter were having an early morning debate about biblical questions, when an enormous wave rolled water down through the broken hatches and into the passages and staterooms of the saloon deck.

When the ladies had all been persuaded to go back to their staterooms and complete their toilets the missionary looked over at the cynical doubter and said: "That sounded like Lamentations." He was answered: "I did not notice the sound so much, but it looked very much like Revelations."—J. A. D.

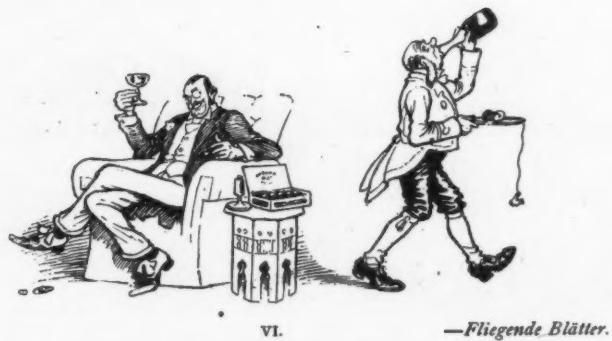


IV.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.
C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

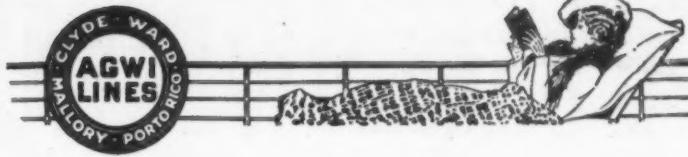


V.



—Fiegen Blätter.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.



Most Inviting Cruises

The most popular sea trips this winter are Southern Cruises to the American Mediterranean, that romantic region reached by the big, fast, comfortable steamers of the

Atlantic, Gulf and West Indies Steamship Lines

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"HELLO!"
"Hello!"
"Is this the manager of the Sphinx Theatre?"

"Yes."
"Well, say, I'm your leading man."
"Oh, yes."

"Can you get hold of my wife's understudy in a hurry?"

"Why, yes; but there's no performance until to-night."

"Not at the theatre. But my wife's sick abed, and I want somebody to get me something to eat!" — *Yonkers Statesman*.

"YOU don't know what a 'thesaurus' is, Johnny?" ejaculated Mrs. Lapsing reproachfully. "Your Uncle Horace has had one for years. He showed it to me once. It's a dictionary of cinnamons." — *Chicago Tribune*.

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"BERTIE," said the hospitable hostess at a Sunday school treat, "won't you eat some more cookies?"

"I can't. I'm full!" sighed Bertie. "Well, then, put some in your pockets."

"I can't. They're full, too!" was the regretful answer. — *Youth's Companion*.

TOMMY.—Pop, what is a monologue?

TOMMY'S POP.—A monologue, my son, is a conversation a woman carries on with her husband. — *Phila. Record*.

MRS. HENPECK.—You know the saying: "Unlucky in love, lucky at cards."

HENPECK.—And yet you won't let me play poker. I'd win a fortune. — *Boston Transcript*.

UP AGAINST IT.



THEATRICAL MANAGER.—You're a comedian, eh?
APPLICANT FOR ENGAGEMENT.—Yes, sir.

THEATRICAL MANAGER.—Ever make people laugh?
APPLICANT FOR ENGAGEMENT.—Yes, sir.

THEATRICAL MANAGER.—Well, make me laugh! — *Sydney Bulletin*.

AFTER careful and painstaking deliberations it has been decided that Maine is theoretically dry. — *Toledo Blade*.

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THE GENTLER SEX.

A little boy had eaten too much underdone pie for his supper and was soon roaring lustily. His mother's visitor was much disturbed.

"If he was my child," she said, "he'd get a good sound spanking."

"He deserves it," the mother admitted, "but I don't believe in spanking him on a full stomach."

"Neither do I," said the visitor. "I'd turn him over." — *Ladies' Home Journal*.

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CLIENT.—How is it oysters are so much better in cold weather?
BARTENDER.—I dunno, sir; I suppose it's because they pulls their selves together.—*Punch*.

DIFFERENT.

A wagon show, which had gaudy paper but little else, played to a very unsatisfactory business in a small town generally good.

Following the afternoon performance two locals were checking up the show from the thirty-two-sheet stand on the fence opposite the depot.

"They didn't have this," said one, pointing to a herd of elephants.

"Nor this," said the other, designating a thrilling riding act.

"Blamed if I saw this," No. One went on, indicating a flying-trapeze performance.

Popcorn George, who had suffered keenly through a slack day, had overheard the conversation. Stepping between them, he put his hand on a scene showing a mob storming a red wagon for tickets.

"No," said he, "and they didn't have this."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

A SOFT answer sometimes disarms. A story is told of a landlord on the North Shore. A guest, seldom satisfied, came to him and said: "Mr. Smith"—that was not the landlord's name—"Mr. Smith, your coffee is rotten." The landlord shook him by the hand. "Thank you, sir; thank you. I have n't had my breakfast yet, and I'll skip the coffee this time. Much obliged."—*Boston Herald*.

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